

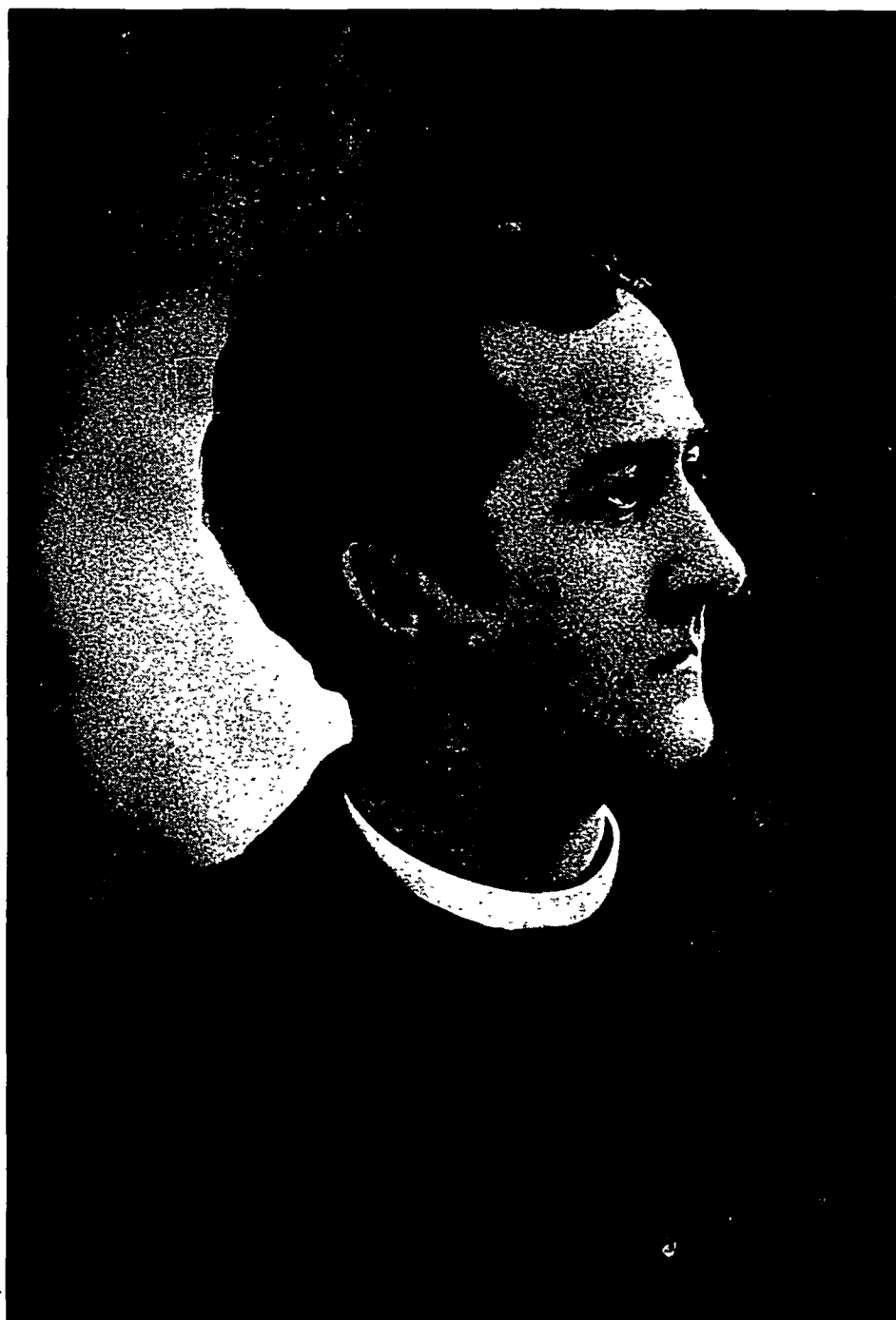
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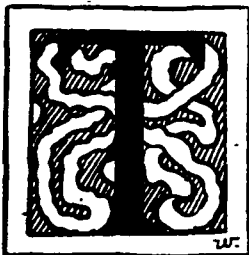


REV. JOHN P. QUINN, A. B., '83,

Peoria, Illinois, who will deliver Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 14.

Iona.*

FRANCIS J. BARRY, '03.



HE recent announcement of the proposed sale of Iona has attracted considerable attention to that little islet. The tourist who has visited the Western Isles can well remember Iona with its ruined towers and churches. It is situated on the western coast of Scotland at the southern apex of that triangular tract of mountain-land which lies to the northwest of the great Caledonian valley, and which, stretching from Inverness on the one side and from Cape Wrath on the other, terminates in the lofty summit of Ben More in Mull. The scene is wild and bleak and the ocean ever gloomy and turbulent. The waves surge over rocks and reefs, and the sound of the tempest is seldom hushed. On one side of the island is the open ocean with nothing to break its fetch of waves from the shores of the New World. On the other side is the shallow Sound of Iona which separates it from the mainland of Scotland.

The original form of the name Iona was Hy, Hii, or I—the Irish for island. In an ancient manuscript it is written *Iova Insula*, and the present name, Iona, is said to have originated through an error of the transcriber in writing *n* for *v*. Later it received the name of Icolmkill, or the Island of Columba of the Cell, in honor of St. Columba or Columbkil, an Irish monk who founded a famous monastery on the island.

The story of Iona can hardly be separated from the name of St. Columba; in fact, whatever interest it has is due to its being the home for so many years of that Saint and his successors. The neighboring islands surpass it in grandeur, and even the majestic ruins of its once famous cathedral are but dwarf-like as compared with Fingall's Cave in the Island of Staffa. The only advantage from a point of natural beauty Iona possesses, is that it commands a magnificent view of the surrounding precipices and peaks. It is hard to say why Columba should be induced to found his monastery on this island, when, by rowing

his coracle a few miles farther, he would have landed on Staffa, an island famous for its natural beauties. But exiled from his native country, Ireland, he must have been tired and sick at heart, and cared little for the attraction of the other islands.

The life of St. Columba is highly interesting. He was born about the year 521. His father, Feidlam, was descended from one of the eight sons of the great Niall of the Nine Hostages, and his mother, Ethnea, belonged to the royal family of Leinster. The place of his birth was at Garten in the present County of Donegal. In his youth he was fiery and impetuous, and had a great love for books. As a poet, too, he ranked high, and the fragments of his writings form some of the most treasured relics of old Gaelic literature. He had a great passion for transcribing, and this passion led him more than once into quarrels, nay, on one occasion was the cause of a bloody war. Whenever Columba saw or heard of a famous book, he would ask its owner for permission to make a copy. If refused he would become enraged and give vent to his feelings in his characteristic, impetuous manner. It is related that Finian, Columba's teacher, had a valuable Psalter, and Columba fearing a refusal if he asked permission to transcribe it, resolved to make a clandestine copy. While visiting the old Abbot he put this resolution into effect, shutting himself up in the church where the Psalter was kept, and lighting his labours by a miraculous illumination that came from his left hand. The Abbot was attracted by the light, and discovered Columba, but decided not to disturb him till he had finished the work. He then claimed the copy, maintaining that because it was only a copy and he owned the original, it belonged of a right to him; but Columba would not give it up without a struggle. The matter was referred to the King of Tara, and he decided against Columba, quoting the phrase which has since passed into a proverb, "To every cow her calf," and hence to every book its copy. Columba became so incensed on this account that he immediately gathered together all the clans of the north and west of Ireland and proceeded against the King of Leinster whom he defeated in a bloody encounter.

Some time afterwards, a synod held near Kells accused Columba of having occasioned the shedding of innocent blood, and a sentence of excommunication was pronounced against him. Through the influence of St. Brenden,

* The Chicago *Tribune*, June 4, announces the purchase of Iona from the Duke of Argyle by the Carthusian monks who were recently expelled from their monastery of Grande Chartreuse in France.

this decree was revoked, and he was condemned to exile instead. This was severe punishment, for Columba dearly loved his country, and was particularly attached to Derry as the following translation of one of his poems shows:

Were all the tribute of Scotia mine,
From its midland to its borders,
I would give all for one little cell
In my beautiful Derry.
For its peace and for its purity
For the white angels that go
In crowds from one end to the other,
I love my beautiful Derry.

My Derry, my fair oak grove,
My dear little cell and dwelling,
O God in the heavens above!
Let him who profanes it be cursed.
Beloved are Durrow and Derry,
Beloved is Raphoe the pure,
Beloved the fertile Drumhome,
Beloved are Sords and Kells;
But sweeter and fairer to me
The salt sea, where the sea gulls cry,—
When I come to Derry from far,
It is sweeter and dearer to me.

His passionate regret at leaving Ireland also found vent in the lines:

"Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Albyn. What joy to fly upon the white-crested sea and to watch the waves break upon the Irish shore! What joy to row the little bark and land among the whitening foam upon the Irish shore! Ah, how my boat would fly, if its prow were turned to my Irish oak grove. But the noble sea now carries me to Albyn, the land of the ravens. My foot is in my boat, but my sad heart ever bleeds. There is a gray eye which ever turns to Erin; but never in this life shall it see Erin nor her sons nor her daughters. Noble youth, carry my blessing across the sea—carry it to the West. My heart is broken in my breast! If death comes to me suddenly, it will be because of the great love I bear to the Gael."

A man that could overcome so great a love and abide by the penance imposed, was destined to accomplish great things in the land of his exile. The account of Columba's voyage to Iona is admirably described by Mr. Laurence Johnstone writing in 1888 in the January number of *The Month*:

"It is characteristic of his nature that he could not bear to live out of Ireland, and yet within sight of her shores. On his voyage northward in his boat of hides he must have passed many islands—Islay first, but that was too large and too near; Jura next, but this also was no place for a hermitage, and the

rocks of Antrim were still too close at hand. Then he came to Colonsay, with its little outlying islet, Oronsay—here was a fitting island. The exile landed, but from the heights of Oronsay the blue land of Erin was still above the sea. On then, northwards once more. The next land he touched was the land which he made his own, and which from him became known as Icolmkill. Here his tent was pitched and his banner raised for the conversion of the heathen; and here began the growth of his personal sanctity, which transformed, without destroying, the features of his natural character."

The cross once raised in Iona drew many worshippers; and the warlike Picts, up to this time barbarous and intractable, now came meekly to Columba's cell and bowed reverently before his crucifix.

The ruins in Iona are of a much recenter date than Columba's lifetime. The Chapel of St. Orain, which is perhaps the oldest ruin on the island, dates no farther back than the eleventh century. The other ruins are the cathedral church of St. Mary, the nunnery, the bishop's house, and a number of ancient crosses and tombs. The cemetery, called in Gaelic *Reilig Oiran*, or the burial-place of kings, is said to contain the remains of forty-eight Scottish, four Irish and eight Norwegian monarchs, besides the bones of numerous eminent saints and learned men. Shakspeare, with his characteristic fidelity to national tradition, makes Iona the resting-place of the murdered King Duncan:

ROSS.—Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF.—Carried to Colme-kill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.—*Macbeth*.

From Iona the light of Christianity quickly spread over North Britain, and to its shores were attracted from all parts of Northern Europe scholars and pious men. The monastery founded there continued for many years to be the chief seat of Christianity in North Britain, and the successors of Saint Columba were scarcely less zealous for the spread of the true faith than the Saint himself. The ruins, still to be seen, attest the zeal of the monks who sanctified the island with their labors during the Middle Ages.

It may not be out of place to conclude this imperfect sketch with Dr. Johnson's account of his visit to Iona:

"We are now treading that illustrious island which was the luminary of the Caledonian

regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessing of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavored, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant or the future predominate over the present advances us to the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

At the Battery.

In his hand a violin case, an old musician, stooped and gray, wearing sunburned, glossy clothes, a faded straw hat, and a pair of shoes raw for the want of polish, made his way through the crowd to an empty bench in the park. Close to his heels came a little boy, dark-eyed and curly-haired, of not more than four or five years. The old man sat down on the bench. "Domenico," said the man, addressing the boy, "come here." The boy did as he was commanded. Then the old man took him in his arms and seated him on one of his knees. Both gazed from the happy holiday seekers to the boat that lay purring at the pier; then to the craft that dotted the harbor. At last a very pretty little girl came and joined the crowd in front of the man and boy. She was dressed in fluffy white, and an artificial pale rose dangled on her broad-brimmed hat. The boy looked at her with admiring eyes, then tried to look away, but could not. The old man observed this and asked the boy: "Do you like that little girl?" The boy did not answer. Then the man again asked: "Do you like her better than you like grandma," to which the boy replied: "I like grandma best." Well, Domenico," said the man, "your grandma was once as pretty as that little girl." "But the little girl is nice now," answered Domenico. And then the old man looked into the boy's face and remarked sadly: "That's how we see things when we're young."

P.

Varsity Verse.

CONSOLATION.

(Horace, Odes I, 33.)

MOURN not, Glycera, Albius sooth,
Nor drone the endless elegy,
Because she found another youth
And broke the pledge she gave to thee.

Lycoris loves young Cyrus, too;
Pholoë's brow his thoughts revere;
But he is shunned by her, 'tis true,
As Daunian wolves by gentle deer.

The god of love decrees this act,
And gladly makes a lasting yoke
Twixt two unlike in form and tact,
For this he thinks is all a joke.

Untrained Myrtale won my heart,
Though Venus offered love more fair;
She's like the storms which tear apart
The shores of woody Calaber.

W. C. O'B.

DE SECURI.

(Ante diem quintum Ka endas Junias MCMIII.)

We met to-day 'neath frowning skies
And walked with slow and measured tread
To lay in earth a foeman dead
And join in solemn obsequies.

A foeman he, but valiant, brave,
He dared us in our own domain
And lo! our ranks were cleft in twain
Like ramparts by the lightning's glaive.

Then broke a storm of angry words
That like the tempest fell and rose
And echoed loud as clanging blows
Of Greeks or Romans wielding swords.

Again we dared his strength to blight—
'Twas day when first the fight was waged—
But foul dissension's force engaged
And kept us battling thro' the night.

At length ere strife began to cease
Forth from our ranks a David came
And put the foeman's pride to shame
And lo! there followed joy and peace.

Afar we'll drift in future years
But tho' apart our pathway's set,
This scene to-day we'll ne'er forget—
'Twould make a Sachem laugh to tears.

And when we meet our hearts will glow,
And each to each will laugh and say:
"Do you remember that glad day
We buried the hatchet long ago?"

FRITZ.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

By his ragged dress you never would guess
That he was a millionaire
'Twas true ne'ertheless, for I must confess
That he'd been out on a "tear."

C. A. G.

The Dissipation of the Senior Member.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

The Senior Member crossed his feet and chewed on the end of a cigar. A long while the man stood at the outer glazed door with the big gilt letters *Private*, and said "Busy" to a score or more who sought entrance. The Sr. Member smiled. The two stenographers looked askance at the thick-set figure with the iron-gray hair, and wondered. No one for twenty years had seen a smile like that on the Sr. Member's face—no, not even when the wheat corner broke and he cleared—well, that's a matter of newspaper history.

Through the windows of the big office came the sounds of many bands, the roaring of animals, all the accompaniments of a circus parade. As the sounds drew nearer the smile broadened, but it never occurred to the two stenographers to place any connection between the Sr. Member's mood and the parade. They gave the matter up to wait till the afternoon editions came out with the story, for evidently the "old man" had done something handsome, maybe Union Pacific, or Consolidated Gas.

The Sr. Member uncrossed his legs, stretched himself, and called for his hat. He stopped a few minutes in the outer office and talked confidentially with McRoberts, who, by the way, has been with the firm since the incorporation. Now McRoberts is eminently close and conservative from a confidential standpoint, rarely letting anything get away, but evidently this was too much of a shock. He pondered a moment, watched the "old man" disappear through the swinging doors, and turned again to the ticker. He scratched his head, and the office knew that McRoberts was surprised.

The parade was passing as the Sr. Member walked down a block, and, lost in the crowd, watched the gaudy procession go by. This was the second time that morning the Sr. Member had wasted precious minutes—minutes that might have made or wrecked men financially—I say this was the second time that morning the "old man" had watched the clowns and the cars and the chariots go by; for on his way down that morning his chauffeur had waited for nearly an hour before he had a chance to cross the street.

He stood a long while, now looking at the parade, now at the faces about him, and along about the middle of the procession—the sacred

Elephant was just heaving in sight—something pulled him by the coat, and he turned to see a dirty little face looking up at him, and a mouth opened showing two rows of white even teeth:

"Hully gee! Mister, but ain't it great? Did youse see the geraft, the big ting with the phouny neck? Gee! I wisht I could work the tent graft this after."

The Sr. Member took off his high hat and carelessly brushed it for a moment, then he looked at the parade, the throng, the hat and finally at the urchin. He smiled—a sort of reminiscent smile—bent over at the risk of dropping his glasses that hung from his vest by a gold chain, and inquired in what he assumed to be a pretty worldly-wise tone what the 'tent graft' was. The youngster looked at him a bit contemptuously, the Sr. Member thought (and he blushed for his ignorance), but the urchin finally said the 'tent graft' consisted in lifting up the flap of the tent and stealing under.

The "old man" looked away and he saw a cage containing the "Happy Family" going by. He slipped his hand quietly down in a big side-pocket and handed the urchin—well, it must have been enough for peanuts and the side-shows, besides the three-ring affair, for the "kid" ran a grimy hand twice across his eyes as though in a dream, and still looked doubtful as the Sr. Member's corpulent figure disappeared with a rather light step for a man of his years down the street.... Johnson, one of the bookkeepers, saw the "old man" at the circus that night. Not only that, but Johnson sat five or six rows behind him in the twenty-five cent seats. This latter statement Johnson's cronies in the office refused to accept for a time, but he solemnly declared it not only to be true, but to be about the least startling thing of all. The office force gasped as he related in a low tone how the "old man" was surrounded by thirty or forty street gamins and how he bought such quantities of peanuts and lemonade that a vender took his stand in front of the Sr. Member and stayed there during the performance. Several of the force shook their heads sorrowfully (for Johnson up to this time had had a high reputation for veracity) when he stated that the "old man" had slapped his knee so hard during a turn by the clowns that people for seats around stared at the portly, well-dressed figure with the cane and the high hat who sat surrounded by the

grimy urchins. Even the "kids," unaccustomed to such sights, were moved now and then to steal a look at their Santa Claus with the big gold fob and the heavy seal ring.

Johnson said he didn't know what was the matter with the "old man," and he decided to follow him around after the performance and see him safely into a cab. Johnson stated it was the most remarkable sight he ever expects to see this side of the river Jordan: the "old man," hat and cane in hand, his spare gray hair brushed carelessly back, and his face beaming with good nature (the bookkeepers mentally resolved to hit him for a raise the first of the month), leading his crowd of youngsters whom he proudly marshalled into each of the side-shows. Even the "barkers" and lemonade men dropped their megaphones for a minute to look at the strange sight. . . .

The Sr. Member walked into the Jr. Member's private office the other day with a paper. It was a subscription paper, I think, for a news-boys' home, or something like that. I believe they must have responded pretty liberally because the Sr. Member put in a whole day down at the Home the day it was opened, and in the evening he made a speech, which attracted much the attention of the newspapers, for they had his picture in and a half-page "story" much the same as would be written if Russel Sage should take dinner at the Waldorf or endow a Fresh Air fund.

And the next day the Sr. Member leaned back in the big office chair and looked out of the window. He turned as the Jr. partner came in, and said:

"John just three months ago to-day that circus parade went by that window. I don't know why, but I thought of the first circus I ever went to. I'll tell you the story some time. I think I'll run up home in the fall and take a look around. Maybe some of the people—I wonder if any of the old boys are left?—will need me."

The Jr. Member looked out the window too and was glad—glad the circus parade had gone by that day, for he—well, the Fresh Air children swear by the Jr. Member. He turned and said:

"The firm will have luncheon on me to-day."

A Royal Flush.

From land of luck and prospect bright
I come the king of chances;
Ne'er four or strait or full can blight
The pot my knight enhances.

F. J. K.

A Song of the Sea.

To Capt. V. A. G.

TO sea! to sea! in the stanch old *Anne*!
Ne'er sailed a merrier crew than we;
Blow, wind, as you will, we'll stay by her still,
For a bolder crew never put out to sea
Than this stout crew of the stanch old *Anne*.

A brave, good captain commands the *Anne*,
A true old salt and a tar is he;
How his blood grows warm as she rides thro' the storm,
Though wild the billows break over her lea!
A brave, good captain commands the *Anne*.

Then, lads, a cheer for the crew of the *Anne*,
Again, my hearties, come join with me,
For our captain a cheer, that they can not but hear
Far, far away, o'er the bounding sea
And three lusty cheers for the stanch old *Anne*.

C. A. G.

The Harbor of Choice.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.

Over dark seas sail the voyagers in ships,
frail and unwieldy, which, countless in
number, stretch out in long lines upon the
unruly waters. They journey to a port far
off at which all must land, called the
Harbor of Choice. On the sea it rests like
a dormant thing holding out welcoming
arms to the travellers. Palaces of burnished
copper-like clouds flooded with a setting
sun line the banks of the calm bay. Many
are they and grandly raise they their high
turrets above the encircling sea. Flowers
bedeck the gates and alluring ornaments
augur beauties to be seen within. One
stands alone void of decoration, perfect as
a Parthenon, but as cold and bare. The
voyagers throng to the enticing palaces,
enter their embellished gates and find
themselves in barren hallways, cold corridors,
many and squalid courtways. But few
perceive the wretched truth. Their minds,
still full of the magnificence of the exteriors,
dwell in frivolous content. Some feel the
disappointment and strive to return, but
they are lost in the labyrinth of halls, and
never see the light but seek ever baffled.
A lone traveller avoids the palaces of burnished
copper that rise like clouds flooded with a
setting sun. His soul sees the falsehood in
their allurements. He turns to the marble
edifice and passes through the calm cold
propylon. Over the perfect archway within
is written the one word "Immortality."

Epode VII.

Desist! ye heartless Romans! Cease from strife.
 What vengeful god now wars against our life.
 Your daggers sheathe, your angered wills enthrall,—
 Back! back! ye rebels, whither haste ye all!
 Behold throughout the land from shore to shore,
 Yea, ocean-crests are crimsoned in our gore.
 See haughty Carthage now in safety stands,
 Laughs at our deeds and mocks our blood-stained hands.
 No fettered Gauls beside our chariot groan,
 And Roman power by Britain is o'erthrown.

In sooth, is nigh the oath the Parthian swore:
 That Roman swords would reek in Roman gore.
 Though foreign hordes could ne'er her walls o'erthrow,
 Yet Rome herself will deal the fatal blow.
 Since Romans now more fierce than beasts that stray
 Through pathless woods, upon each other prey.
 While unknown gods your sinews' strength increase
 The sordid furies rob your breasts of peace.

Fraternal guilt your savage instinct breeds
 And goads you on where'er its malice leads,
 Mute are your tongues, your looks though silent speak
 The motions centred in those hearts that reek
 In brother's blood. Nigh is the destined day
 When cruel fate shall unto Rome repay
 Her just reward. The morrow will reveal
 That doom your darkened minds to-day conceal.

T. C.

The Turn of a Switch.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

Jack Brayton watched '81' with its long train of 'drags' pull slowly out of Rockland; and then with a sigh that spoke volumes went inside the little station and sat down before his telegraph instrument to keep his weary vigil until nine o'clock when '17,' the fast train from the East, passed through Rockland.

"Confound it," said Jack as he sent a message to headquarters reporting the arrival and departure of train '81,' "I'm getting sick and tired of this monotonous existence. Two long years in this God-forsaken hole, and still no prospects of promotion. I've got a notion to throw up this job and go back to dear old Indiana. I would not hesitate a moment but I hate to confess myself beaten. If something would only turn up so that I could distinguish myself and force Garvin to remember the promotion he half promised me six months ago. Well, my turn is bound to come some time."

Having delivered this hopeful remark, Jack again turned to his key and was kept busy

until eight o'clock when the 'down' freight pulled in and stopped for orders.

"Anything for us, Jack?" asked Conductor Reilly as he strode into the station.

"Not an order, Bill," replied Jack.

"You've heard about the special train, I suppose," said Reilly depositing his lantern on the floor.

"No. What 'special?'"

"From the West. It was to leave Canby at eight o'clock. Funny thing they didn't let you know about it."

"Oh, that's easily explained, Reilly. Rockland station is of no importance. Garvin didn't think it necessary to inform me."

"Never mind, Jack," replied the conductor; as he leaned out of the doorway and signalled his engineer to start. "There are worse stations than this on the K. and A. Nichols at Chetopa was telling me only yesterday that he would like to have your 'snap.'"

"He can have it," was Jack's reply.

"Well, I must be moving. I will be back on '37' to-morrow. If I see Garvin I'll speak a good word for you. You know I stand well with him."

"Thanks, Reilly, I will appreciate whatever you can do for me."

Jack followed Reilly outside and saw him swing onto the steps of the caboose. He watched the lights of the train grow dimmer, and when they finally disappeared in the distance, he returned to the station.

"I wonder if I had better ask headquarters regarding that 'special,'" pondered Jack as he rested his fingers on the telegraph key a few moments later. "No, I won't," he concluded. "It won't stop here, so why should I bother about it."

And five minutes later he was deeply interested in a budget of news from home.

"Tim" Garvin train despatcher at Canby, the division headquarters, was a busy man that evening in July at about eight o'clock; for he not only had to keep the regular trains moving according to schedule, but also had to keep a clear track for the 'special' which was to leave Canby at eight o'clock, carrying on board a party of Eastern railroad officials on a tour of inspection, and President Newcomb, General Manager Whetten and Superintendent Harrison of the K. and A.

But there was no problem in railroading too difficult for "Tim" Garvin—"Tim the Wizard" as the boys of the road styled him—no prob-

lem, I say, too difficult for him to solve. So he had figured everything out to his own satisfaction; and as the many hundred miles of track that the 'special' would have to speed over lay spread out before his mind's eye, he knew just when and where the 'special' would meet and pass this or that train.

Tim's grizzled head bent low over the time-table.

"Philips," he rasped, wheeling around in his chair, "how much late was '17' out of Barkers?"

"Twenty minutes, sir," replied Philips, the chief operator at Canby.

"Oh, h—l, as bad as that?" snarled Tim, "and Dykeman can never make it up between Barkers and Chetopa. What time is she due at Chetopa? 8.45, eh? Wire Nichols and tell him to hold '17' there on side-track until the 'special' passes, and to report when he has done so."

Philip's immediately complied with his chief's orders, and Garvin nodded his head satisfiedly as he heard the message clicked over the wires, and the answering O. K.

"That gives the 'special' a clear track to the end of the line," he muttered.

Nichols the operator at Chetopa, a man who had grown gray in the service, received the order from headquarters at 8.05 p. m. He did not immediately set the block signal against the coming train, although the lever that controlled the semaphore was within three feet of him. Instead he began making out his daily report of business done at his station, and soon became so deeply engaged in his occupation that he did not look up when two ugly, repulsive-looking specimens of the genus hobo entered the station and stole up behind him.

But he came to his senses when he felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed close to his forehead and heard a rough voice say:

"Not a whimper, out'f yer, old feller. I've got ye covered. We're after thar money ye got from Jenkins and Smith ter day, and we mean ter hev it. What's der combination to der safe?"

"I'll not tell you," replied Nichols bravely.

"Yer won't, eh? Better think twice about thet, I might use my persuader."

"Go ahead and use it. You'll never get the combination out of me."

"Tie him up, Bill," broke in the other tramp, who all this time had been manipulating the safe door. "We'll use the dynamite.

There is no danger 'f ther explosion being heard out here in ther wilderness; the nearest house is a mile away."

Nichols stirred uneasily, and began to plan how to thwart the desperadoes.

Bill pulled a strong cord out of his pocket with his free hand, and while his partner held the revolver pointed at Nichols' heart, securely tied the operator to his chair, so that he could move neither hand nor foot.

Nichols' eyes fell upon the message that he had received from headquarters. Number '17' was due in twenty-five minutes, and he could not turn the semaphore so as to stop her.

A muffled explosion almost stunned him, and when the smoke cleared away he could see that the safe door was open, and the villainous tramps were rifling the safe; and then having secured the money they started to leave the station.

Nichols straining at his bonds, cried to them to stop.

"For God's sake, men," he begged, "release me! I must stop a train at 8.45 or there will be a terrible wreck."

But without a backward glance, the villains strode out of the station office, and poor Nichols sank back into his chair with a cry of despair. He shouted and shrieked aloud for help; he strained and strained at the cords that held him fast.

At last the clock struck the quarter, and then a piercing whistle broke upon Nichols' ear.

"Number '17,'" he groaned as he made one last despairing effort, but all to no avail; and just as the operator's senses left him, number '17' shot by the station with a whir and a rattle, and sped on to destruction.

Jack Brayton laid down the papers from home with an exclamation of disgust. For some unaccountable reason he could not keep his mind upon the page he was reading. A dim presentiment of impending disaster hung over him, and try as he would he could not shake it off. Finally he slipped on his coat, and went outside to take a walk in the fresh air. He had paced up and down the walk in front of the station perhaps five times when a piercing whistle broke the stillness of the night. The sound was from the east. "Number '17,'" said Jack to himself, "and she is on time to the dot. Old Dyke must have let her loose to make up twenty minutes from Barkers."

Far down the track he could see the headlight of the train, and stood motionless, watching it come nearer and nearer. Suddenly less than half a mile to the west a sharp whistle sounded, and Jack turned with an exclamation of surprise.

"What train is that?" he spoke aloud. "There is nothing due until midnight—God help me! the 'special!'" he exclaimed as the remembrance of what Reilly had told him came to his mind.

Jack was in action in a moment, for he knew that unless he worked rapidly a terrible collision could not possibly be averted. He sprung for the semaphore lever and swung the danger signal to the west, and then without a moment's hesitation ran towards the switch a hundred yards to the east.

Jack had once been considered a sprinter, but I doubt if in his palmiest days he ever equalled the time he made that night in the mad race for the switch.

Number '17' was tearing towards the station at a fearful rate of speed, and Jack was still five yards away from the switch. At last he reached it. He unlocked it with feverish haste. He turned it, and '17' shot by onto the side-track with a fierce grinding of brakes, for the engineer had seen the other train and had immediately reversed, although too late to save his train if Brayton had not been on hand.

The 'special' stopped in front of the station, and '17' came to a standstill just opposite. Jack ran over to the 'special' and without a word of explanation signalled the conductor to go ahead. But that worthy, a crusty old individual, who did not relish having the train entrusted to his charge come so near to being wrecked, began at once to berate and abuse Brayton.

"Oh! close up, Wicker," said Jack, angry at the man's words. "You ought to be thankful that you are alive."

"What's the matter, Wicker?" asked a voice from the sleeper platform. "What are you stopping here for?"

Jack recognized the voice as that of Superintendent Harrison.

"Why this young fool came near letting us into number '17.' Such operators—"

"How about this young man?" asked the superintendent, interrupting the conductor.

"What train is that on the side track?"

"Number '17,' sir."

"Why, number '17' was to be held at

Chetopa," exclaimed the superintendent. "Some one has blundered."

"The block showed clear at Chetopa, sir," said the conductor of '17,' coming up at this juncture. "We had no orders to stop there."

"This shall be investigated," snapped Harrison.

"Call up Chetopa, Brayton, and find out what's wrong. I am sure that he had orders. Report to Garvin what you have done here, and if he doesn't promote you for this night's work I will."

Wicker much chagrined gave the order to start, and the 'special' pulled out of the yards.

Jack gave the conductor of '17' a signal to start, and then hurried into the station. The telegraph instrument was calling "Rk," Jack's call, at a furious rate.

Jack ran to the key, answered, and then took this message:

"Side-track '17'! Side-track '17'! Special from the west! Garvin."

Jack coolly sent back this reply:

"Side-tracked '17' and averted a bad wreck. Special departed from Rockland at 9.10."

Jack did not hear Garvin's exclamation of relief, nor did he hear his queries as to who was operator at Rockland. But he knew that Garvin had not forgotten him, two days later, for a young man dropped off at Rockland and announced that he had come to stay; that he had orders to relieve operator Brayton who had been promoted to Gidding's station, one of the best on the line.

And poor Nichols never sent another message. The experience of that night proved too much for his nerves, already weakened by years of service. He resigned his post and took a position as clerk at a small salary in a large department store. And he never ceased to thank God that Jack Brayton had saved many souls from a frightful death—a death of which he, Nichols, would have been the unwitting cause.

An Epitaph.

Here beneath this modest knoll
Lies a youth of noble soul;
Lightsome, cheerful, kind and gay,
Beloved by all that chanced his way.

He lived and died in gentleness
And now he hopes of thee no less
Than thou wouldst hope of him, if thou
Wert lying stark where he lies now. G. E. G.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Elsewhere in this issue appears the picture of the baccalaureate preacher for Sunday, June 14, Reverend John P. Quinn, Pastor of St. John's Church, Peoria, Ill. Father Quinn was graduated A. B. in the class of '83, and his training and experience both as a student and as a priest eminently fit him for the task he is called to perform. We are sure his words will be worthy of the occasion.

—Our esteemed Bishop, the Right Reverend Dr. Alerding, made an official visit to Notre Dame, Wednesday. He celebrated the students' Mass at eight o'clock, assisted by Rev. W. Connor, and after giving a very inspiring address on the love and gifts of the Holy Ghost he administered the sacrament of Confirmation to the following:

Ralph Anthony Madden, Juan Porfirio Nicolas Perez, José Edwardo Alberti, Manuel Garcia Luis Rubio, José Francisco Luis Salvador Carlos Esquino, Rudolph Joseph Dooracek, Carl Philip O'Brien, Henry Alexander Maypole, George Marcellinus Maypole, James Thomas O'Connor, Drummond Edward Randle, Gerard Nicholas Krost, Austin Aloysius Page, Claud Albert Sorg, Edward Francis Vanderhoof, Benjamin Aloysius Dosenbach, Matthew George Clarke, Robert Michael Sullivan, Lawrence Andrew Michael Symonds, Henry Thomas Symonds, Edward Joseph Aloysius Kelly, Paul Joseph Andrew Quinlan, John

Joseph Lawrence Maginn, Charles Edward Michael Plunkett, Edward Joseph Francis Yrissarri, Jacob Paul Anthony Yrissarri, Charles Joseph Branran, James Mary Branran.

The Reverend Fathers Morrissey, French, Scheier and Thillman acted as assistant priests and Professor Powers as sponsor. The recipients of the Holy Sacrament have our sincere congratulation for the joyful experience that was theirs on this occasion.

—After Commencement—which term, by the way, is used to signify the beginning of a new life for the graduate—many of us will start on our vacation. How this annual relaxation from study was first established is a matter of some interest. It originated in the Middle Ages in England when that country had a population of only a few millions. Men were few, land was plentiful and the art of farming rudely developed. Under these circumstances a relatively large area of the easiest tilled soil was brought under cultivation with the result that small returns had to be gleaned from an extensive acreage. The rural inhabitants were unequal to the task of reaping the wheat and, not only had the people of the towns to join in the operation, but the thousands of students at the universities were called home to assist their parents in harvesting. Thus did an economic necessity bring about a custom among our English friends which is now an unwritten law and which nothing short of a bloody revolution could efface.

—A journey through one of the Latin countries of Europe seldom failed to stir the fancy and prejudice of certain insular tourists of a generation or two ago. On their return home they wrote sketches of benighted Spanish and Italian fetish-worshippers that drew tears from sympathetic ladies and made them contribute funds for the conversion of heathens by the Mediterranean. Well deserving of a place in the ranks of such scribblers are some Americans who make a flying trip to Mexico. While away they lose no opportunity of satisfying their prurient curiosity and when they come back their hands are raised in holy horror because the Mexicans tolerate bull-fights. All the while they are utterly oblivious that to a foreigner the spectacle of two human contestants pummeling each other to exhaustion in the prize-ring may be far

more repulsive. But it was not tauromachy to which the czar of all the oil wells, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, took particular exception on his recent visit to Mexico. He mentions that the Mexicans worship not "the God that is known to us but an invention of man." Some of our Catholic papers have taken him to task for this statement, but we think he should be excused. A man of Mr. Rockefeller's proclivities is likely to have visions of the golden calf anywhere.

—There is no dearth of literature on the value of books. It is indeed true that they are a great factor in our lives, but much more potent for good or evil are our friends. Yet on the choice of the latter comparatively little is written. Looking back over our experience, most of us can trace much of whatever virtues and vices we possess to the influence of a few people we have known. It was they and not the books we read that molded us. And because of this we should be particularly careful in the selection of friends. Not everyone fair of face and glib of tongue is worthy of our companionship. No matter what a man professes, if his tastes are low and his example demoralizing, he is a counterfeit and ought to be avoided. It was the consistency of the humble Galilean's conduct with His teaching that above all else first impressed His followers. Allowing for the influences of heredity and environment which can not be ignored, we are indebted far more to friends than to books for our good or bad qualities. The great character builder is not the book but the living man or woman. How careful we ought to be in choosing our friends.

—The story of the massacres of Jews at Kishineff has excited the sympathy of most civilized nations. At first it seemed too horrible to credit, but some German newspapers have found as the result of their investigations that the slaughter has even been greater than was early reported. Jewish houses were plundered, their inmates outraged and killed—the very babes being torn from their mothers' arms and thrown from windows to the streets below. Altogether the details are sickening and are more suggestive of the methods of the Norse pirates or Cromwellian soldiery than of a civilized people of the present day. The saddest part of the

story is the manner in which the Russian officials viewed these outrages. Not only did they refuse to interfere, but they seemed to approve of the conduct of the perpetrators. Of course the excuse was that they had no authority to put a stop to the atrocities; neither had they, for we are told that "it is a principle of administration that the Jew has no rights." Great and generous as Russia is in many respects it is to her shame that she will not protect the helpless Jew from the fury of the fanatical mob.

—The enormous influx of immigrants to the United States this year has prompted some alarm. The stream from the northwest of Europe has diminished, but a full current has set in from Italy, Austria and Russia. These immigrants are, for the most part, uneducated; they know little of our language and laws, and their standard of living is not high. Naturally fears are entertained that they will prove a menace to our institutions and seriously handicap the native laborer. No doubt the task of assimilating them at the rapid rate of ten thousand a week seems big, but this could be accomplished with comparative ease were provisions made to distribute them over a large area and prevent them from crowding in a few great cities.

—Those who have read "Tom Brown's Schooldays at Rugby" may recall how the author of that delightful volume deplored the disposition of English students to overlook the beauties of home scenery for the charms of travel on the Continent. Then he went on to say, "though you may be chock-full of science, not one in twenty of you knows where to find the wood-sorrel, or bee-orchis, which grows in the next wood or on the downs three miles off." Similar charges might be made against the American student. In these glorious June days we hear the happy birds and breathe the fragrance of the flowers, yet we never take the trouble to learn the names of either. And this carelessness we betray in the observation of things that are most familiar. On the first page of this paper appears the legend: *Disce quasi semper victurus, vive quasi cras moriturus*. We have probably glanced at it every week during the past year. How many of us could repeat it offhand or tell its meaning?

The School Question.

Every now and again the public school question receives a fresh impetus. A recent addition to the literature on this subject has been contributed by Mr. Skinner, Supt. of the Public School system of New York State, in his official report which serves as an *apologia* for the non-religious education which he champions. The report drew a reply from the Reverend James J. Fox, D. D., who reviews Mr. Skinner's position in an able article in the current number of the *Catholic World*. Dr. Fox has styled his paper "Skinner versus Washington," a happy title, for directly beneath it he quotes to the point conflicting extracts from Mr. Skinner's report and from George Washington's "Farewell Address." On the one hand, Mr. Skinner, admitting that morality is indispensable in education, declares, however, that to teach religion in public schools would be intolerable. On the other hand, Washington, in the passage quoted from the "Farewell Address," emphatically declares that there can be no morality without religion, and that should the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, neither property, reputation nor life would be secure.

The doctor discusses the underlying principle of Mr. Skinner's plan for the dechristianization of public education, and shows how, consistently followed out, it must lead to the introduction into public education of a pagan moral code of one kind or another which, without teaching a why or a wherefore, irrationally demands of all, respectability, honesty and goodness. He next examines the programme which, under the direction of Superintendent Skinner, is actually followed out in his schools. Good manners, neatness, pure thoughts, generous actions, courtesy and, strangely enough, reverence for the Sabbath, are among the virtues which Mr. Skinner asks his subordinates to teach their pupils. As Dr. Fox says, the list comprises nothing that would not be found in any decent ethical paganism except the characteristically inconsistent allusion to the Sabbath. Genuine moral worth is often found without them, and they in turn may exist without any genuine moral worth in back of them. Is it not only too strikingly true that the biography of the absconding cashier commonly shows that throughout his life he had proved himself a

paragon of all the virtues in Mr. Skinner's catalogue?

That the system advocated has not gone the full length of its retrograde course is due to the inconsistency of Mr. Skinner's practice with his theory and to the endeavors of the Christian-spirited teaching body. Finally, the Superintendent is illogical enough to demand the retention of the Bible in the schools, not, it is true, as a religious work, but on its moral, literary and historical merit. As to its historical value, Dr. Fox asks, was that not determined to Mr. Skinner's satisfaction when Huxley, whom he so much admired, declared that "the Bible is a tissue of myths interwoven with a slender and hardly distinguishable thread of fact?" Moreover, the historical material of the Bible is not presented in a form easily digested by pupils of primary schools. And even if it were, is it possible to rid the history in the Bible of the implied religion any mention of which in public schools would, of course, be intolerable? Where, finally, is the authority for the Bible's ethical code when separated from its religious content it becomes a mere collection of maxims and examples?

The sound of warning is not infrequently heard in these days from prominent educators and thinkers deploring the religious indifference of the age. The disastrous spread of the divorce evil and political corruption speak louder and more forcibly than any words of the necessity of an education which educates the heart and the soul as well as the mind, and does this in the only way possible, by means of religion. It is the defense of many who advocate the non-religious education that religion has heretofore been strong enough in the community to furnish education with a saving grace and that it can be relied upon to continue its salutary influence. Dr. Fox's answer is convincing: "To expect that a system which ignores religion and thereby makes a deadly assault on it, will continue to draw from religion a saving grace, is neither more nor less than preposterous. We can not live long upon a capital which we are rapidly eating up. The man engaged in sawing off the branch on which he is sitting is not accepted as a type of practical wisdom."

With all due respect for Superintendent Skinner's experience and expert opinion we must say we are satisfied that Washington was right when he declared that morality can not prevail to the exclusion of religion.

CHARLES A. GORMAN, '03.

Partiality.

It seems to be the common belief of the parents and guardians of our young people of to-day, that the welfare of the strong, vigorous boy deserves more attention and consideration than that of the less robust girl. Such unjust discrimination has often resulted in the educating and starting-in-business of a son, while the less favored daughter must suffer the consequences of this flagrant neglect. Surely no one will contend that such a mischievous system is at all reasonable, and yet it is a very prevalent evil, because of the thoughtlessness of some parents. No doubt this is one of the lingering traces of the ancient idea that women were only instruments in the hands of men, and consequently worthy of little or no consideration.

It is unfortunate that this apparent unfairness exists in our own American families. Who of us has not known some homes in which the sons are sent to college and given every opportunity possible to prepare themselves for the struggle of life, while the daughters are compelled to remain at home and assist the mother in the work about the house? It may be that some of us need not go outside of our own homes to find this to be the truth.

It is sometimes argued that it is more necessary that the son should be better cared for, since his path in life is of a much more rugged nature than that of the daughter. But is this true? Has not the woman just as many cares in life (and probably more) than the man? And if so, why should she not receive an equal share of attention during her young days? Of course this seeming partiality occurs more frequently in the poorer families. Take, for instance, a father and mother of just ordinary means, who have two or three sons and perhaps as many daughters. Is it not often the case that the sons are provided for at a very severe sacrifice, while the poor daughters obtain little or nothing? The sons grow up and receive every advantage that is in the power of the parents to give. In some cases they are sent to college, in others they are started in business, while if the parents live in the country, the home farm is invariably divided among the sons. And what is the lot of the daughters? It is seldom that they get more than a money allowance, and this is usually only a trifle. During their child-

hood they are forced to be the drudges of the home; and in some instances, especially in the case of farmers, they are obliged to do the work which properly belongs to men. Their brothers are away at school, and their places must be filled even on the fields by their devoted sisters!

Young ladies can appreciate the benefits of an education just as well as the young men, and the parents ought not to discriminate between the sexes, when their children ask permission to attend school. At the present time women prove themselves not far inferior to the sterner sex in a large number of occupations hitherto monopolized by men. The last century has brought out some remarkable geniuses among the weaker sex, and if more of them were given chances during their youth, no doubt the number would be greatly increased. However, too many parents seem to think that the daughter needs no education, giving as a reason that she will never have an opportunity to use it. Many of them look upon their daughters merely as candidates for matrimony, and have no desire that they educate themselves along any line but domestic economy, and that, they declare, can be secured at home.

Why should not the daughter receive just as much consideration as the son? A course in general or domestic science is just as beneficial to the girl as is a professional or a business course to the young man. The object of each is to prepare the students for their positions in life. A woman is not only a housekeeper, as is the opinion of too many men, but she is the cheer and comfort of a home as well. The more training and opportunity she has had when a girl, the more able will she be to perform her duties as mistress of the home.

J. J. MEYERS (Law '04).

Journalism.

The current number of the *Cosmopolitan* contains an interesting article by Mr. Albert Shaw on "The Profession of Journalism." Mr. Shaw, on account of his position in the journalistic world, is able to speak with authority, and to read his article in full is well worth while.

According to Mr. Shaw, three different views of this calling may be noted. First, that it is a makeshift calling which any one with a fair degree of education may follow; second,

that it is a calling which may be pursued by anyone having a fair degree of what he calls the "divine afflatus"; third, that the business of journalism is one which should be deliberately chosen and for which men should prepare as they do for other professions. The third view is undoubtedly the correct one, for there is absolutely no reason why journalism should not be considered in the same light as the professions of law or medicine.

In regard to the relation of college training to journalism, Mr. Shaw makes the following statement: "In the first place, let us say that American college life and work as now carried on are of themselves a better training for journalism in the technical sense than they are for any other calling except teaching. This is in part because the work of journalism is at many points so closely related to the work of education, and also because the best college work nowadays is in such close sympathy and touch with the best social, ethical and economic progress of the community at large, such progress being the material with which journalism must concern itself." He also observes that since the very essence of journalism is to state a thought or fact by means of the most correct and skilful forms of language, college training recognizes the importance of direct and lucid expression on the part of the student. In order to write powerfully and convincingly on public questions, Mr. Shaw strongly advises the aspiring journalist to be thoroughly grounded in such studies as political science, constitutional history, constitutional law, international law, diplomatic history, and to be conversant with social, political and economic institutions.

After citing the names of men who have risen to prominence through the agency of journalism, the writer has some words of commendation for the much-maligned country editor. To use his own words: "I have always looked upon the editor and proprietor of a country newspaper as a man whose position, if he knows how to make the most of it, should be a very independent and honorable one. The country editor has an opportunity to write as ably and influentially as he knows how."

In conclusion, the writer of the article maintains that the journalist should remember above all things that he must serve the public and no other master, and that no success can be attained other than by faithful service of the public and by fair treatment of all interests, public and private. ROBT. E. HANLEY, '03.

Electrical Engineering Department.

To the equipment of the above department the following useful instruments and apparatus made by leading American manufacturers have lately been added:—An inclined coil portable ammeter; a portable hot-wire ammeter; a standard Weston double scale A. C. and D. C. Voltimeter; a Hoyt dynamometer wattmeter; a G. E. induction motor of the latest design; and a Fort Wayne Alternative Current enclosed arc lamp with a special transformer.

A contact-maker for readings of instantaneous voltages and currents, which readings when plotted show the wave forms of alternating voltages and currents; and also several resistances of German silver to use in potentiometer methods of measurement were designed and constructed by members of this year's graduating class who have been doing some advanced work with alternating current machinery and appliances.

Professor Green gratefully acknowledges the donation of an enclosed arc lamp from Mr. A. A. Serva of the Fort Wayne Electric works; a lot of high-tension insulators for transmission lines from the South Bend Elect. Co.; a Nernst lamp from the Nernst Lamp Company, Pittsburg.

Athletic Notes.

ILLINOIS WINS A GREAT GAME.

The Western College Champions, fresh from their victory over the U. of M., appeared on Cartier Field last Monday afternoon, confident of completely walloping our lads, but at the end they were very happy to be able to claim a victory at all. They were outfielded and outbatted at all stages, but good fortune seemed to be with them, and with this and the aid of the redoubtable Jake Stahl, they won out. The contest was characterized by some of the sharpest and cleanest fielding ever seen at a college game, and, in fact, the all-around work of both teams could not be excelled. Notre Dame seemed to be superior in stick work, as our fellows hit the ball harder and oftener than Huff's men, but were unfortunate in placing their hits. As it was, they secured six safe ones to the visitors' four. Their fielding was also flawless, and in this respect it might be mentioned that it was

the best exhibition they have given this year. Ruehlbach twirled another star game, and was practically invincible, but he was wild at times and gave bases on balls at inopportune moments. Ingle, the Illini pitcher, was touched up rather hard, and in the sixth Coach Huff deemed it advisable to send Miller in. Shaughnessy's brilliant fielding, the batting and all-around work of Salmon, Stephan and Kanaley, were chief features of the game for Notre Dame. Stahl, Zangerle, J. Cook and Steinwedell were Illinois' stars.

The Varsity led off the scoring, getting one in second inning on Salmon's single, Kanaley's double, and Ruehlbach's slasher to left. The visitors failed to tally until the fifth when two men crossed the rubber on two passes to first and the mighty Stahl's slashing three bagger to right field fence. Stahl attempted to reach home on it, but fast fielding by Salmon and Stephan cut him off at the plate. The seventh saw two more Illini cross home plate on two more passes and hits by J. Cook and Stahl. Notre Dame made a gallant effort in the ninth to win out. Stephan flew out to centre; Gage walked; Antoine singled to right, Gage going to third. Antoine, however, hesitated in going to second and was caught. A moment later Salmon drove out a two bagger to left; Kanaley drove a fly out to deep centre, which Cook gathered in and the game was over. Summaries:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Geoghegan, ss	0	0	1	3	0
Shaughnessy, c f	0	0	4	0	0
Stephan, 1st	0	0	8	1	0
Gage, 2d	1	0	3	1	0
Antoine, c	0	2	7	1	0
Salmon, r f	1	2	1	1	0
Kanaley, l f	0	1	2	1	0
Ruehlbach, p	0	1	0	2	0
O'Connor, 3d	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	2	6	27	13	0

Illinois—0 0 0 0 2 0 2 0 0=4 4 1
 Notre Dame—0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1=2 6 0
 Batteries—Notre Dame, Ruehlbach and Antoine; Illinois—Ingle, Miller and Stahl. Base on balls—off Ruehlbach, 9; off Ingle, 1; off Miller, 2. Struck out—by Ruehlbach, 5; by Ingle, 2; Miller, 1. Wild Pitch—Ruehlbach, Miller. Passed balls—Antoine, 2. Two base hits—Salmon, Kanaley and J. Cook. Three base hits—Stahl. Hit by pitched ball—by Ruehlbach, 2. Innings pitched—by Ingle, 6; by Miller, 3. Time of game—1:20. Umpire—Tyndell.

Sorin had no trouble defeating the New Carlisle team on Decoration Day. Hammer pitched in his usual excellent form striking out

six men. He was given good support by Hanley, Fack and Shea whose fielding was of the highest order. Shea, Hanley and Farabaugh led in the hitting.

New Carlisle—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0 2 3

SORIN—0 0 2 1 6 3 2 1 *=15 12 1

Van Ripper and Smith; Hammer and Farabaugh. Base on balls—Hammer, 1; Van Ripper, 4. Struck out—Van Ripper, 3; Hammer, 6. Two base hits—Hanley, J. Shea, Stephan.

May 26, the Varsity won a slow, uninteresting game from Dennison University team. The visitors played hard at all times, but were not sufficiently strong to cause much damage. The Varsity men seem to be developing a tendency to take these so-called second-rate teams too easily, relying on their ability to go in and win at any moment. It is a practice which will prove disastrous some of these days.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy, c f	4	2	2	0	0
Stephan, 1st	3	2	7	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	1	1	4	2	4
Gage, 2d	0	1	3	3	1
Antoine, c	1	1	6	2	0
Salmon, r f	1	1	0	1	0
Kanaley, l f	2	3	4	0	1
Sherry, ss	0	1	0	4	1
Hogan, p	0	0	1	1	0

Totals 12 12 27 13 7

Notre Dame—1 0 5 2 1 1 2 0 *=12 12 7

Dennison—2 1 0 0 0 2 0 0, 0=5 5 8

Batteries, Notre Dame—Hogan and Antoine; Dennison—Chambers and Webber. Stolen bases—Antoine, Stephan, Gage, Sherry, 2; Kanaley, Shaughnessy, Salmon. Home run—Kanaley. Umpire—Rapp.

The track team is down at Bloomington to-day competing for the State Championship. The following are the men: Draper, Daly, Davy, McCullough, Carey and Myers. The contestants are Purdue, Indiana, DePauw, Rose Polytechnic, Earlham, Wabash, Indianapolis, State Normal and Notre Dame.

KALAMAZOO A HOODOO.

Aided by the brilliant work of umpire Johnson at critical times Notre Dame lost to Kazoo on Decoration Day at Kalamazoo before 3000 people. This gathering although strongly in favor of their home team, loudly hissed the umpire's decisions on several occasions. They were the worst that a Notre-Dame team has ever had to contend with, and it was admitted

freely after the game that our fellows had been deliberately robbed. The grounds, too, were something to contend with. "Bill" Higgins was the star of the game. He gave but two measley hits, and had the Michiganders completely at his mercy, but four balls being knocked outside the diamond.

Notre Dame—o o o o o o o o o=0 8 3

Kalamazoo—o o o 2 o o o o o=2 2 2

Batteries—Notre Dame, Higgins and Doar; Kalamazoo—Sanger and Killifer. Two base hits—Sherry. Struck out—by Higgins, 9; by Sanger, 6.

J. P. O'R.

Personals.

—Mr. Beinkman of Chicago is visiting his son in St. Edward's Hall.

—Father Powers of Spring Valley, Ill., was a welcome visitor recently.

—Mr. W. F. Clapp of Albion, Mich., called on his son in Carroll Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Quinlan of Chicago were the guests of the University during the week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Scott were guests of Notre Dame recently, visiting their son in Carroll Hall.

—A recent welcome visitor at Notre Dame was Mrs. Dukette of Mendon, Mich., mother of Mr. Francis F. Dukette.

—Mr. Philip O'Neill, Law '02, was with us last Sunday. His many friends at Notre Dame were delighted to see him.

—We regret to learn of the serious illness of Mother Pauline of St. Mary's Academy. At the students' Mass on Thursday the prayers of the congregation were asked for her recovery.

—Union Market now wears a dressy appearance, but soon it will appear in a new uniform. John E. Hagerty, recently appointed superintendent by Mayor Wells, is responsible for this change. He is a St. Louis boy, having been born here and engaged in business since 1884. He is the head of the Commission House of J. E. Hagerty and Co. He was educated at Notre Dame University, Indiana, the home of world-famed athletes, and Mr. Hagerty possesses over 30 diamonds, gold and silver medals, won in foot racing and jumping contests.

Mr. Hagerty is familiarly known as "Johnnie," and while being a most genial gentleman, he is at the same time known as one of the hardest working and shrewdest young business men in St. Louis.

Mr. Hagerty intends making Union Market attractive and sanitary, with its business conducted in the interest of the people and the merchants.—*St. Louis Chronicle*.

—Charles Zeitler died this morning at 6:40 o'clock at Springfield, Ill., from typhoid fever, after an illness of three weeks. The family was at the bedside and will bring the body here for burial. The funeral will be held Saturday, services private. The deceased was a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Zeitler of Clay Township, and was twenty-nine or thirty years old. He represented the Oliver plow works at Springfield. He was well and favorably known and took a prominent part in athletics, having been a member of the Notre Dame baseball team and the South Bend C. A. C. team the year it won the Western championship by defeating the Chicago athletic association team. He leaves a wife

with his family, to mourn his untimely death.—*South Bend Tribune*, June 1.

The gentleman whose early death is chronicled in the above notice was an alumnus of Notre Dame. His home is only a short distance from the University and both he and his parents always took a friendly interest in college affairs. The burial services were held in Sacred Heart Church this morning at 10 a. m., Father Connor officiating. To his sorrowing wife, parents and relatives we offer our sincere sympathy.

Local Items.

—Last Friday, the first Friday of the month, the Catholic students received Holy Communion at the early Mass.

—All members of the New York State Club are requested to be present in the Columbian Room to-night at 7.30 for their last meeting of the scholastic year.

—Next week Messrs. Petritz and Baer will install a test set of automatic telephones for laboratory work. The apparatus has been donated by the Automatic Electric Company of Chicago.

—Messrs. Fritz and Pete entertained "Charley," Lonergan and Fansler in their Turkish apartments in Corby on Thursday night. Decoration Day oratory has developed Fansler's martial instinct to an abnormal degree. A day or two ago he trained a battery of horse pistols on a stray chicken. This daring act won the hearty approval of Field Marshall Fritz who was hungry at the time, and a movement is now on foot to confer the order of *nighthood* on the heroic Fansler.

—The annual competition of the Sorin Cadets for the gold medal presented by Father Morrissey was held in the Minims' gymnasium on June 1. The prize is offered for the best-drilled private of St. Edward's Hall. Mr. Fehan (ex-Sergt. 9th U. S. Infantry) has been drilling the little heroes, and as a result of his instruction the company has now reached a high stage of efficiency. Their knowledge of infantry tactics and the ease and precision with which they go through the various drills would do credit to many more pretentious military organizations. Among those who witnessed the exercises on Monday were Very Rev. President Morrissey, several members of the Faculty and a large number of students from the different halls. The judges—Bro. Leander (a veteran of the civil war), Messrs. Fansler, Woodruff, Emerson, Graber, Weise and Hamilton—awarded the medal to Master H. Symonds of Chicago, and their decision reflected the opinion of all present. Master Symonds deserves the many congratulations he received.